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PUCK BUILDING, New York, 11th, 1907

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

10 CENTS.

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

PROPERTY

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM

Puck

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"TEDDY DOODLE."

THE SPIRIT OF '08.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

MEMORANDUM: If President Roosevelt hasn't told you by this time that under no circumstances will he accept a third term, it is a sign that you are not in his confidence.

TH-M-S W. L.-W-ON has presented a copy of "Frenzied Finance" in person to the Pope. At the same moment, no doubt, he whispered to His Holiness: "Buy Trinity."

WHILE TOURING New England, Mr. Bryan was daintily complimented by being elected a member of a fat men's club. Mr. Bryan now weighs 234 pounds, stripped of the initiative and referendum. It must be apparent, even to him, that although he may never fill Roosevelt's shoes, he could not help filling Cleveland's pants.

CHANCELLOR MACCRACKEN of the New York University recently rebuked an after-dinner speaker who had declared that America is corrupt. "I should feel I had been derelict in my duty," said the Chancellor, "if I let this occasion go by without denouncing the man who says in effect that the State that chooses for Governor such a man as Charles E. Hughes is more tyrannized over than Russia." How about the State that chooses such men as Raines, Grady and McCarren? Incidentally, what is the use of electing such a man as Hughes, if legislators of the Grady type can balk his every move?

THE GENTLEMAN of Indiana who denounced President Roosevelt as an egotist believes, no doubt, that the President's favorite gospel is an I for an I, and a tooth for a tooth.

IN FORBIDDING the production of "The Mikado" the Lord Chamberlain of England made a terrible ass of himself. Ko-ko might happily add him to the list of people "who never would be missed." What would be missed less than an English official without a sense of humor?

MR. ROCKEFELLER's church now has an electric sign. The text this morning, brethren, will be found in Matthew 5:16.

NO DANGER from Socialism need be apprehended until the Socialists begin to agree one with another. At present Socialism is as

NEW YORK'S MAYOR.



Enlarged ten thousand times.

badly split up as the Protestant religion and about as effective for reform. Nor is there likelihood of early harmony of idea.

AN ENTERPRISING London Department store is displaying goods priced both in English and American money. The lot of the card writer will scarcely be a happy one, as it will require more than eternal vigilance to keep the two currencies separate. Think how "Five cents, reduced from Sixpence ha'penny" would look.

MR. BRYCE asks who our coming poets are. We don't remember all the names, but they come in bunches every mail—chiefly from Indiana.

WHEN GENERAL KUROKI arrives at the Jamestown Exposition the military bands will have positive instructions to play, "Do You Want to Know Who We Are? We Are Gentlemen of Japan."

How slow the world is to recognize greatness. Illustration: Twelve years ago the agent of a patent fire extinguisher told us that Eugene Debs was the greatest man in the United States.



THE MAGIC MIRROR.

USEFUL PIECE OF FURNITURE FOR THE OFFICE OF A PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION.

EARLY ANECDOTE IN THE LIFE OF THEODORE.



HIS NURSE.—Don't cry, Teddy. See, here's your pretty ball.

TEDDY.—I doweranter ball. Boo-hoo-hoo!



HIS NURSE.—Oh, be a good boy, Teddy. Don't you want your jumping-jack?

TEDDY.—No! Dowanter jumping-jack! Oooo-wow-wow-wow!



HIS NURSE.—Oh, Teddy, see! Here's a big stick for you. Teddy want a nice big stick?

TEDDY.—DE-LIGHT-ED!

ANOTHER TO MYRTILLA.*

ALAS! no more may poets sing—
About that dainty silken string,
The garter of Myrtilla.
For nowadays all that's passé,
And managed quite another way—
The garter of Myrtilla.

The modern maiden up-to-date
Has straps and buckles at least eight
To keep her figure slender.
So minor poets now may write
A sonnet new, and it indite,
"To Myrt's straight front suspender."

* Regards to Felix Carmen and others.

F A



TRIALS OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

ONCE there was a young Boetian who had money. One day he looked at his clothes, of which he had a great many; and he saw that they needed to be brushed and folded; so he told his servant to do it for him. Then he went downstairs, and noticed that all his manuscripts were in disorder; so he hired a man to sort them out, and to make a list of them. Next he went to the stable and found one of his horses sick; so he asked a man to get him another one. The other horse needed exercise, so he engaged a groom to exercise the horse.

He looked at a puppy which he had and said: "Why, it is time that puppy was trained to find birds;" so he sent the puppy away to a man to be taught.

Then he went into the house and yawned. "Dear me!" said he, "how dull it is with nothing to do. I wish I had something to do." The Boetians were Barbarians.

Bolton Hall.

BAWLS.

PROUD FATHER.—My child is only a month old, and he cries for the moon.

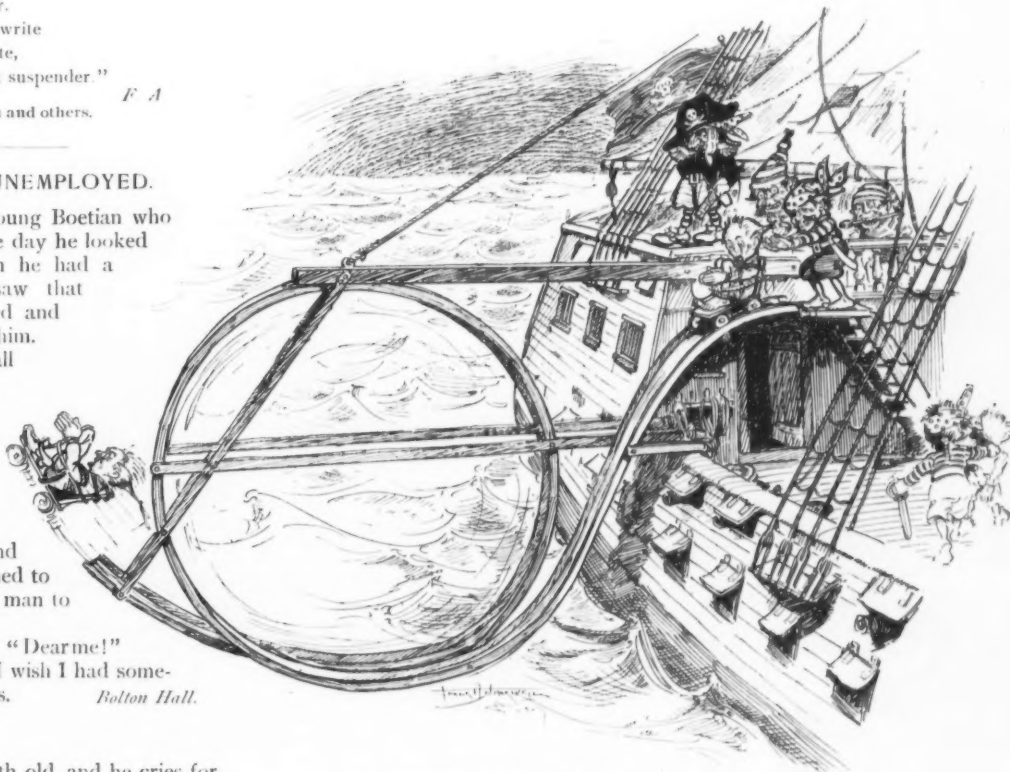
PROUD MOTHER.—Mine isn't a week old, and he cries for the milky way.

EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

MAGAZINE EDITOR.—So you want the job of conducting our humorous department. Have you had any experience in that line of work?

APPLICANT.—Twenty years.

MAGAZINE EDITOR.—Then I guess you'll be the right man for the job. You see, unscrupulous contributors try occasionally to work off some new jokes on us, and we want a man who can spot them every time.

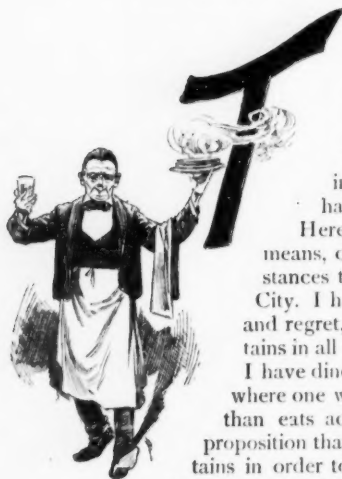


LOOPING THE PLANK.

CAPTAIN KIDD.—I knew we could improve on that old walk-the-plank method, if we only put our minds to it.

There be also those who, having failed to make good, not only decide to make bad, but find that it really pays better.

THE THEORY OF TINGLETTOUCH.



TINGLETTOUCH of No. Tipton, Mass.,—his full name was Theodore Troubadour Tingletouch—had a theory. The theory of Theodore Troubadour Tingletouch of No. Tipton, Mass., was a theory touching tipping. Mr. Tingletouch had figured it out this way:

Here am I, a person of but moderate means, obliged by dire force of circumstances to exist for a time in New York City. I have observed, much to my pain and regret, that the custom of tipping obtains in all restaurants where food is served. I have dined to my detriment in restaurants where one watches one's coat and hat rather than eats actual nutriment; it is a palpable proposition that one must eat where tipping obtains in order to live. But I do not, and shall not approve of tipping. I will not tip. I will have the courage of my convictions. Tipping is a swindle, a fraud, an outrage. No, sir; I will not submit. Of course I am aware that for a time I shall not be popular with the waiters of the restaurant I have selected in which to breakfast, lunch and dine. As I could not reform all waiters, I have elected to reform only those of one restaurant. There shall I subsist. Now these waiters at first will become shy. Omens of pain will appear upon their brows. But I, Theodore Troubadour Tingletouch, shall pursue the even tenor of my tipless way. These waiters, accustomed to buldoze, cajole and rob the thousand-and-one easy marks whom they haughtily serve, will at first believe me insane; next they will consider me a ringer. At the last, they will honor and respect me. "Ah!" they will say, among themselves, while delicacies are being prepared for me in the marble kitchen in the rear,—*"Ah! Here is a Man. We cannot do him. There's no nonsense about him. He, he, is the real thing!"*

Thus spake Mr. Theodore Troubadour Tingletouch of No. Tipton, Mass., touching tipping.

Mr. Tingletouch, stout, sturdy, robust, sat at a table in Tiptoe's Restaurant. It was evening. Soft music's lure floated thro' the



FROM SOCIETY NEWS OF THE FUTURE.

"At midnight, amid the customary shower of rice and old shoes, the bride and groom left by special express elevator for the roof, where they went immediately aboard the Mars-American liner, *Windjammer*, which flew at nine o'clock this morning. On their return from an extended tour of the planets, the young couple will reside on the forty-second floor."

vaulted spaces. Gay and ethereal waiters glided here and there and everywhere with choice viands. Wreathed smiles, and sapient glances were upon their classic faces. One, with a brow even more than passing fair, served Mr. Theodore Troubadour Tingletouch. Served him well. Smiled as he served. Grew devoted, as the time approached for the tip; was affectionate as he passed him the plate containing the change. Mr. Tingletouch calmly took it—all. The waiter looked in amazement at the void. "Ah!" quoth the waiter beneath his breath, "he's going into his pocket after a coin more noble! He—" But Mr. Tingletouch had seized his overcoat, swung it hastily upon his arm, and was rapidly disappearing.

The waiter swooned. Being revived by his confreres he would make no statement. "Wait," said he.

"Of course!" they affably responded. "That is why we hang around this joint!"

"Wait!" he repeated, ominously.

"He's nutty!" they declared, among themselves.

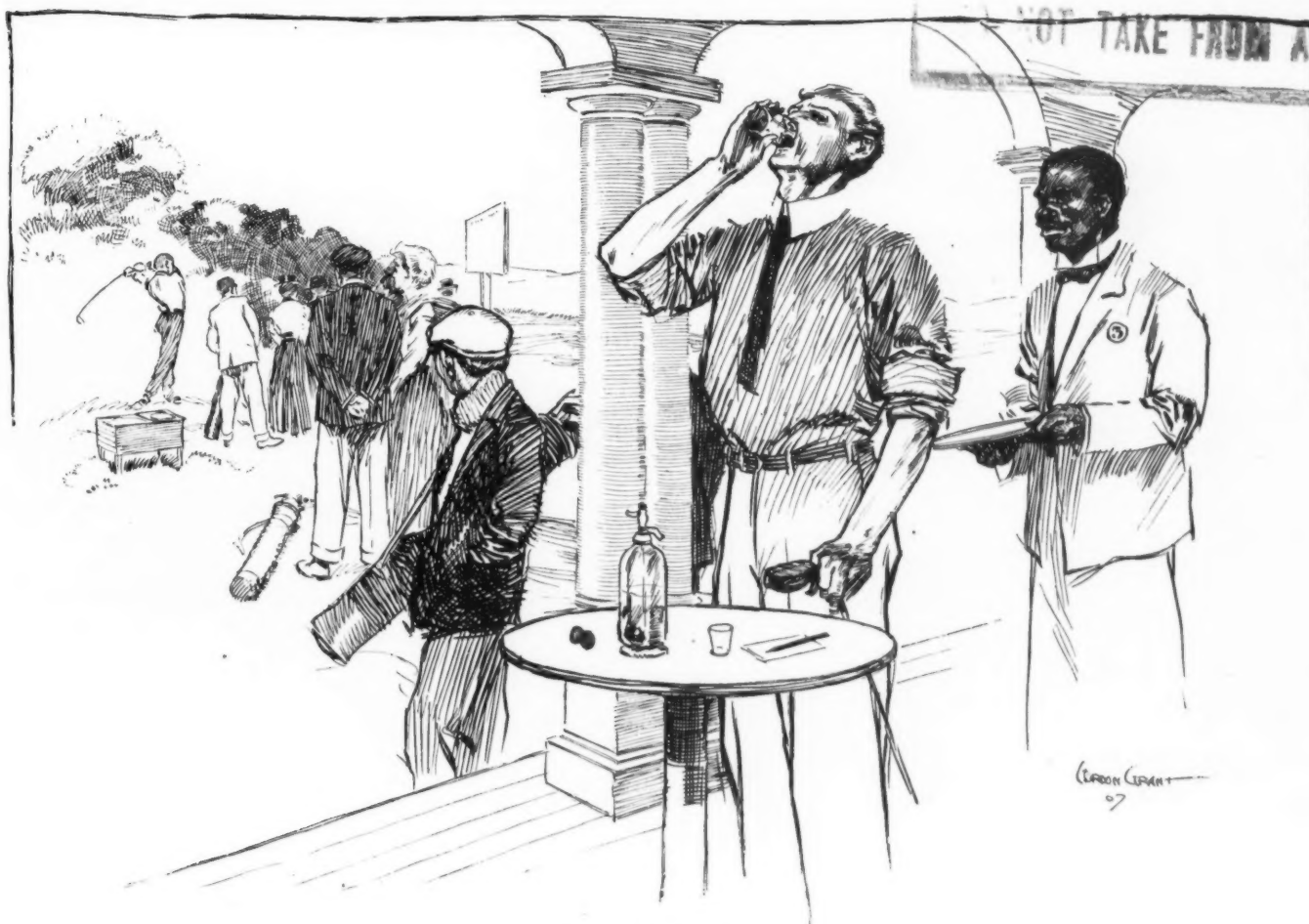
It was morning. Mr. T. T. Tingletouch sat at the table. The fair-featured waiter who had served him the evening before was taken suddenly ill, and departed to the rear, in haste. He remembered the gentleman well. Mr. Tingletouch partook of breakfast. The festal serving man who this time hovered over him, held his coat. Mr. Tingletouch had tendered exact change for his breakfast. The festal serving man awaited a silver



EVEN THERE.

TALL SPOOK.—Why in hades was that feller in such a tearing hurry? He's going to be here for eternity, ain't he?

SHORT SPOOK.—Sure, but it's a habit with him. Can't help hurrying. He was one of those first-off-the-ferry-boat Jersey commuters for over fifty years.



THE FIRST HOLE.

BOGEY ONE.

piece of importance, when his guest should have remarked the moment, and delved within his pocket.

Mr. Tingletouch walked calmly out of Tiptoe's Restaurant. The eyes of the festal serving man were fixed in a horrid stare upon the back of Mr. Tingletouch.

It was the hour of luncheon. Mr. Tingletouch sank gracefully down at his table. A certain festal serving man, and a certain fair-featured waiter of classic brow ran a race to the rear of the gilded hall. It was a dead heat.

A dark person of distinguished and foreign appearance approached to take the order of Mr. Tingletouch. Faithfully and well he served him. He never left him, save to glide sinuously to and fro with food. Tendering, merely as a matter of form, a dime and a nickle in change, when Mr. Tingletouch had finished his repast, the distinguished foreign gentleman was forthwith shocked and grieved. Mr. T. T. Tingletouch took it.

The look of the foreign gentleman was turned toward Heaven, and his lips moved, as tho' in prayer.

A week fled. Two weeks.

At the end of a third week, an emaciated individual with blank and staring eyes sat at a table in Tiptoe's Restaurant. He had been sitting there for some week or ten days. He, too, was now a waiter. Yet no one paid any attention to him.

A skeleton form sat at a table in Tiptoe's Restaurant. The face betrayed that the gentleman still breathed, however. Ever and anon the parched lips moved. Once, it made a futile attempt to rise. Its joints cracked dismally. It sank back, helpless.

Swiftly gliding, silent waiters noiselessly hurried by; their eyes were fastened on a far distant future—or a remote past. Nothing doing.

"James," said the proprietor of Tiptoe's Restaurant, one bright morning when the sunshine streamed in through the broad south windows and cast radiance even to the far corners of the gilded hall,—"James, why is that suit of clothes hanging over that chair down there at that table just outside the alcove?" The head waiter looked. "I will ascertain at once, Sir," he respectfully answered.

James returned, after a little, with rather a whimsical expression upon his benign countenance.

"No one seems to know anything about the suit of clothes, Sir; but I found this card, in the pocket, Sir.

The proprietor took it from the fingers of James, and read:

Theodore Traubachout Tingletouch

NO. TIPTON, MASS.

"H—m," said the proprietor, "Some Jay that forgot 'em."

"Yes, Sir," said the head waiter, bowing slightly, "he forgot."

Fred. Ladd.

We get there first and consider where afterwards.

AN INTERRUPTED LICKING.

HOW LITTLE SILAS GOT A HEN TO HELP HIM.



Peep!



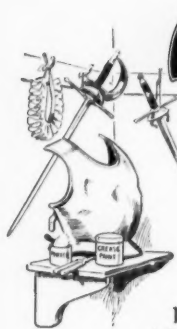
Peep! Peep!



Peep! Peep! Peep!

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

BEING SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SOMETHING-OR-OTHER
BERLIN BLÄTTER.



MAY.—To-day, in an audience with the Kaiser, Herr Professor Franz Schnickerlanz, who has been travelling in China for the past two years, outlined some of the enormous but undeveloped resources of that little-known country. The Herr Professor stated that the outlying province of Sui Fin is one of the richest mining centres in the world though it is jealously guarded by the natives and by the emperor of China himself against any invasion of foreign capital.

JUNE.—By order of the highest ecclesiastical authorities of the Particular Reformed Church, Pastor Schmidt has just taken passage for Sui Fin, China, to advance the faith among the heathen of those parts. It is a dangerous mission, but the Reverend Pastor knows not the meaning of fear.

He expects to convert a large proportion of the province before returning to the Fatherland.

JULY.—A despatch from Hong Kong states that Pastor Schmidt has arrived at Sui Fin and has begun the preaching of the gospel in that dangerous province. It transpires to-day that an offer made by American capitalists to purchase concessions in the district has been indignantly refused by the Emperor of China.

AUGUST.—Reliable advices from the interior of China state that an uprising against all foreigners has taken place in the Sui Fin province. Many have been killed and residents on all sides are fleeing to the sea-coast. Great fears are entertained for the safety of the Reverend Schmidt, who is at work there in the mission field.

SEPTEMBER.—It is now established beyond doubt that the Reverend Pastor Schmidt was among the killed in the recent uprising against foreigners in Sui Fin, the great Chinese mining province. Pressure is being brought to bear upon the German Government to take some decided steps in the matter.

NOVEMBER.—In retaliation for the death of the Reverend Pastor Schmidt the Imperial German Government to-day occupied the entire Sui Fin district. A party of engineers is now on its way to exploit the resources of the country and a railroad will be laid at once. Herr Professor Franz Schnickerlanz, who has just returned from a geological expedition through uncivilized Africa, will have an audience with the Kaiser to-morrow.

Horatio Winslow.

THE CONQUEROR.

HE looked at me with pleading eyes,
His ardent suit he pressed;
My gentle "No" he would not hear,
Nor let the subject rest.

He asked me once again and then
Besought me o'er and o'er,
Nor yet despaired, although my "No"
Was firmer than before.

And still he pleaded urgently,
With mien of one who wins;
I sighed and answered "Yes,"—and bought
His book of safety pins.

Eunice Ward.

THE BLINDNESS OF LOVE.

EVE had just been created, and as Adam opened his eyes, after the operation, she stood before him.
"What do I see?" he cried, ecstatically.
"His finish; but he wouldn't believe me if I told him so," chuckled the wily old serpent, lurking near.



THE LITERAL MIND.

CLERGYMAN.—Children, children, what do you mean by making such a mess?

HIS ELDEST.—We're playing Heaven, Papa. And say, Papa, it must be awfully sticky up there, if the streets flow with milk and honey the way you said they did.

You get more space in the papers when you do wrong than when you do right.

May Melange.

THE KAISER AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

BR-R-KEK-KEK—BR-R-R-R—Monologue by His Imperial Majesty, Wilhelm, German Emperor and King of Prussia, entitled "Your Master's Voice." International Phonograph Company, New York, Paris and Berlin. Br-r-r—kek-kek—Br-r-r-r—

Eternity!—or, as it better clinks
In dulcet German, *Zeit und Ewigkeit*,—
Receive the Voice of one who never shrinks
From the white calcium's glare, however bright.
Absorb, ye pliant wax, Our Voice! (The "Our"
Refers to Him who jointly shares with Me—
While trivial nations tremble at Our power—
Dominion over German land and sea.)
Imperial Caesar's voice, like Caesar's clay,
Is gone beyond recall; no replica
Was handed down the ages. Stilled for aye
The tones of Hannibal, of Attila,
For want of phonographs—which, I regret,
Are not among things "Made in Germany."
But Germans, happily, need not forget,
While hearing holds a place, the Voice of Me.
As Kubla Khan in Napadu could hear
Ancestral voices prophesying war,
Turn but a crank—your Kaiser speaks—give ear!
His Voice shall rouse you as it roused of yore,
Receive, Posterity, Our awful Voice!
Sons of the Fatherland, rejoice, rejoice!

What a curious thing is character. It is pathetic to observe a young man like Mayor McClellan failing to rise to his opportunities,

all for the want of a few of the qualities that have made President Roosevelt the best known and most popular American of our times. Obscurity yawns for the weak.

"Superstitions have passed away," says the Rev. Dr. Aked. Indeed! It is a better guess that half the people of these United States still believe in witches.

American women strongly remind Artist Mucha of Spring. That's odd. To some of us they are more intimately associated with Fall.

President Lillie Devereux Blake of the New York City Mothers' Club asks us to believe that the American Eagle is a female. Nonsense! The American Eagle is a male—a tumultuary male—and his name is Theodore. B. L. T.



THE NEW MEMBER.

"Glad to see you're one of us, Bill! I've been a 'fat man' for years."

EASILY REPLACED.

MR. FASTSET (*with Extra!*).—"Sensational elopement!" Well, what do you think of that? Young Galey has run off with his father's stenographer!

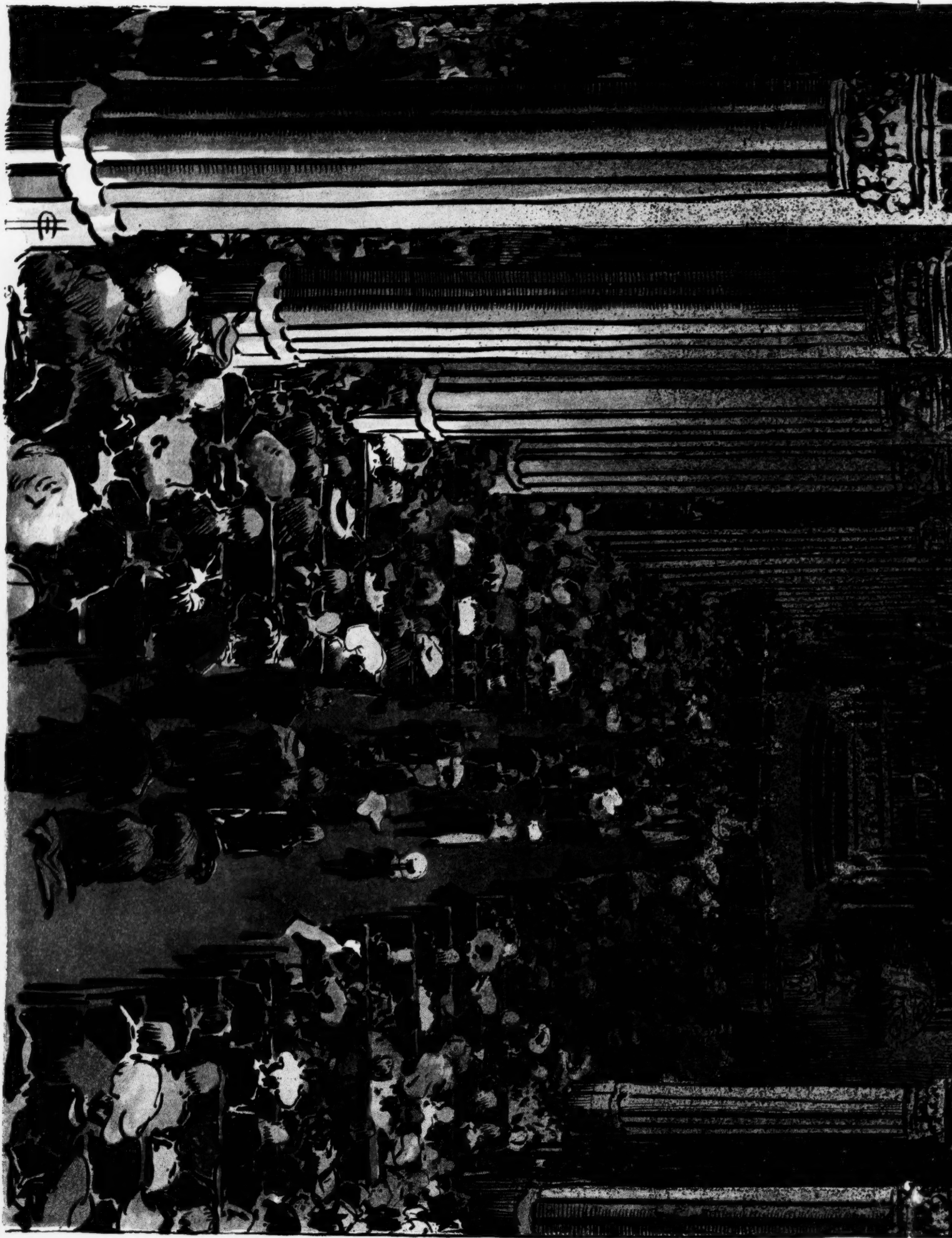
MRS. FASTSET.—Heavens! Why, it'll break the poor old man's heart.

MR. FASTSET.—Oh, I don't know. There are just as pretty stenographers in the employment agency as ever were hired.



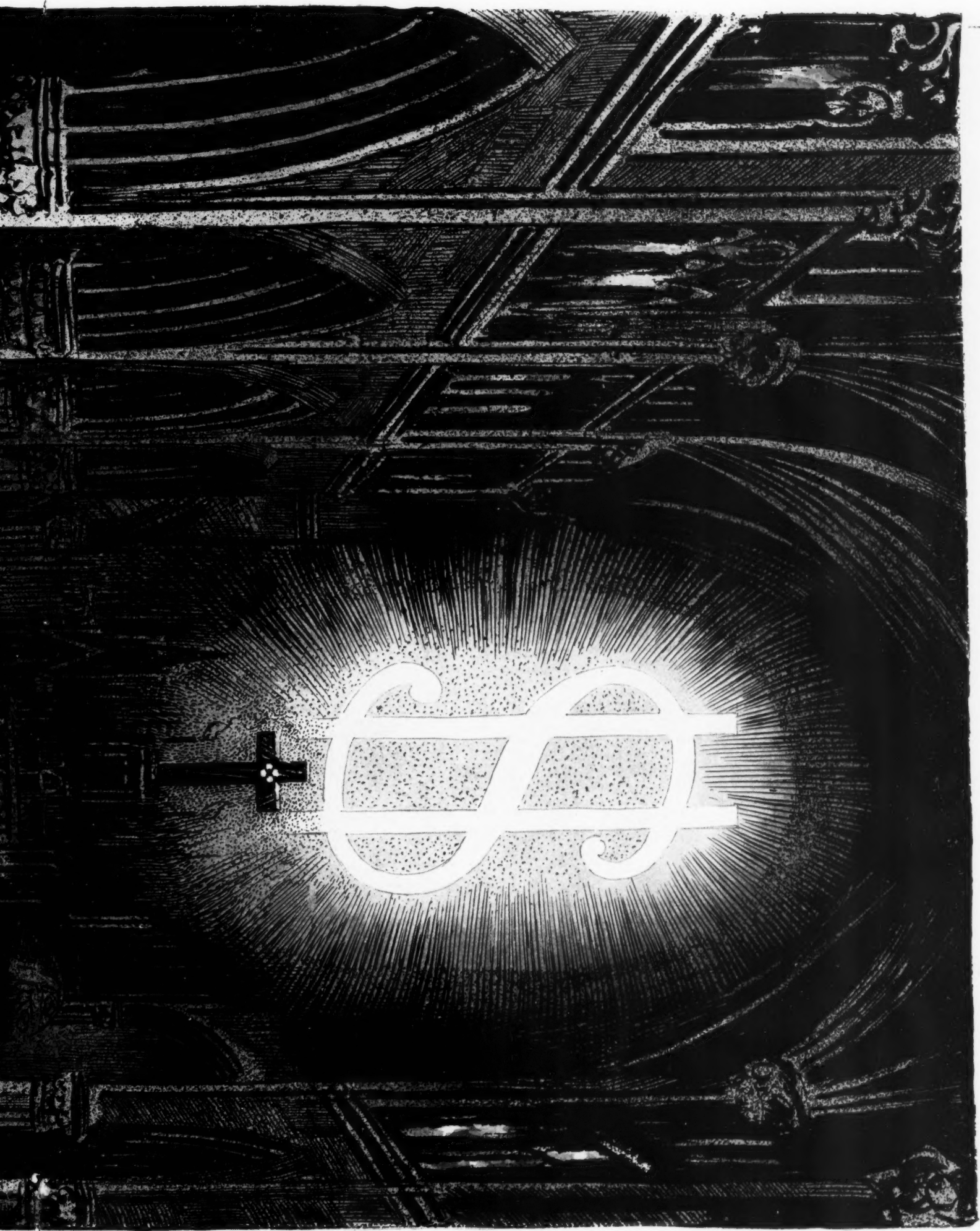
A LITTLE PRELIMINARY TRAINING.

In another month, this family will start on a "personally-conducted" four-weeks-tour of England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE ALMIGHTY.



PUCK

PUCK

DRAMATIC SCENES OF LIFE.

A YOUTH and a maiden demented by love may dream of a future of bliss,
May revel full oft in the nectarine sweets done up in the folds of a kiss,
By the light of the moon they may lovingly stroll his strong arm concealing her belt,
The while from their lips tumble velvety words that the heart of a mummy would melt.
From envious sources come rumors in which another fair girl plays a part,
She hurls her reproaches in tear-burning words that cut to the core of his heart,
But soon he explains, and with tenderest lips he brushes her tears all away
And she coos in his arms as a penitent dove. It wouldn't go bad in a play.

A husband and wife may be loving as birds in the home nest, and never a cloud
May darken the skies of connubial bliss, their billing and cooing enshroud,
And each may imagine the other was sent as a gift from the Master above,
Their home may appear as a dove-cote of peace enwrapped in a mantle of love.
While walking the street by a freak of the wind a hair that is fluttering by
May fall on his shoulder and go with him home to fall 'neath his wife's startled eye;
Then follows a wildly emotional scene, her tears fall in copious way,
As bitter reproaches she hurls in his ears! It wouldn't go bad in a play.



A lawyer complains of professional cares that keep him down town late at night,
He tells his dear wife how unhappy he feels whenever she's out of his sight;
He says that he someday will sit on the bench, then to him the delight will be given
Of spending his evenings all in the home that to him is a foretaste of heaven.
The overworked sufferer talks in his sleep of "antes" and "jackpots" and "chips,"
The meaning of which she has learned at her club, and his scalplock she savagely grips!
He tells of a gambling case tried in the court that had worried him all of the day
And she craves his forgiveness with many a kiss. It wouldn't go bad in a play.



THE HEARTLESS THING!

MR. HOTBIRD.—Gee whizz, no matrimony for me! There's poor Doodledoo's widow out of mourning already—and Doodledoo was fricasseed only last Sunday!



A HOT SELLER.

CIGAR MANUFACTURER.—Scooped again! Why in blazes didn't some of the gigantic intellects on my staff think of that?
MANAGER.—What?
CIGAR MANUFACTURER.—WHAT! Why, Panatella & Maduro have flooded the trade with a nickel cigar wearing three bands!

These are but examples of daily affairs, but chosen haphazard to show
The boulders that ripple the waters of life as onward they ceaselessly flow,
And how a sleek tongue that is onto its job can open a way of escape,
And pull its possessor triumphantly out of the nastiest sort of a scrape.
Review your own actions, dear reader, and see how often you've followed the lead

Of old Annanias of Biblical fame when quite unexpectedly treed;
How oft by a forcible blast of hot air you've blown all suspicion away
And brought to a heart-melting climax a scene that wouldn't go bad in a play.

James Barton Adams.

SIDETRACKED.

AT THE DOOR.

EDITOR OF THE "BANGLE" (to new assistant).—There's that freak poetess again. You'll have to receive her. I've got to go to the bank.

IN THE SANCTUM.

THE NEW ASSISTANT (to Miss Euterpe Oldhen).—This brief glance shows me that there is unmistakable promise in your work, but it is sadly immature. You will have to be a good deal older and with a much longer experience of life, before you can hope to produce anything worthy of your undoubted genius.

AT THE BUSINESS COUNTER.

MISS OLDHEN (to the business manager).—I have just been in to see your new editor. He is a very bright young man, and will no doubt make a great improvement in the paper. How much will it be, please, if one pays for five years in advance?

IN JIMMY'S PLACE.

THE EDITOR (to new assistant).—My boy, you're a wonder. What're you spillin'?

A profession requires better clothes than a trade, although it often brings in less money.

Prudential Liberty Again Displayed

The Most Important Voluntary Benefit Ever Granted

By The Prudential is now Announced.

All Industrial Policies now in Force under which the Insured have attained age 75, or under which the Insured may attain age 75 during 1907, will be made Free or Paid-up Policies and the

Further Payment of Premiums Will Not Be Required

After the Insured has reached the said age.

The Business of The Prudential is so large that, should the present plan be continued, it is estimated that the cost of this concession alone, in ten years, would be over

Three and One-Quarter Million Dollars

For years it has been the practice of The Prudential to add to the benefits already accorded to those who insure with us, giving Policyholders more than their Contracts called for when experience demonstrates that we can safely do so.

These VOLUNTARY CONCESSIONS TO POLICYHOLDERS already aggregate more than

EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS

and every year adds to this amount.



The Company which deals with Policyholders in this spirit of Liberty and fairness, combined with absolute Financial security, is the Company you should insure in.

John F. Dryden

President.

Write To-day for Information showing what One Dollar a Week invested in Life Insurance Will Do. Dept. P.

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA.

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.



"I want what I want when I want it."

COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

"I want what I want." None better at any price.

PROBABLY you have noticed that the man who always looks confidently at his checks and finds his own seats at the ball game or the theater usually has to move into the right ones later when the usher comes around.—*Somerville Journal*.



Comfort for Men

WASHBURN
Patent Improved
FASTENERS

With the
BULL-DOG GRIP
Resistant to Imitations

Key Chains - 25c
Scarf Holders - 10c
Cuff Holders - 20c
Bachelor Buttons - 10c

Sold everywhere or sent postpaid. Catalog free.

AMERICAN RING CO.
Dept. 90, Waterbury, Conn.

VOCAL POWER.

"Why, his voice completely filled the house. I wish mine was so powerful."

"Well, don't feel badly about it. Your voice could empty the house."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted.

A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chaffing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all color of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

HE FORGOT.

HICKS.—One result of race suicide is that the science of genealogy is going to get easier and easier with every succeeding generation.

WICKS.—You forget about the increase of divorce.—*Somerville Journal*.



Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 266 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

No, Cordelia, temperance drinks are not in the dry goods class.—*Chicago Daily News*.

ONE OF the worst breaks that a man can make, when he doesn't know what to give a girl for a birthday present, is to ask for suggestions from another girl.—*Somerville Journal*.



TECHNICALLY SPEAKING.

HE.—In these days, to be successful, a soda clerk must be a bright and ready conversationalist.

SHE.—Charged with gas, I presume you mean.

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.

OLD BACK BAY.

In the land of modern culture, lookin' west towards 'Arvard Square, There's a Boston maid a-settin', and I know she's passing fair. Somehow still I 'ear 'er, somehow still I 'ear 'er say, "Come you back, you 'Arvard student, come you back to old Back Bay!"

Come you back to old Back Bay, Back where culture 'olds its sway. Don't you pity other places and admire old Back Bay? On the road to old Back Bay, Where the hoss-cars stick all day, And the dust blows up like thunder outer Copley crost the way!

'Er skirt is likely yaller, and 'er old style 'at is green, She may wear 'er 'air en pompadour, the wildest ever seen. Just admit 'er clothes are 'ideous, just forget them if you can— Get 'er started once on Phidias or some other 'eathen man!

Boston maiden spouting Greek! Gosh! the sight is most unique, While the silence 'angs that 'eavy you are 'alf afraid to speak On the road to old Back Bay, etc.

You can swear you love them dearly — they will stare at you with phlegm, And then tell you, 'orrid clearly, life 'as other things for them. Though each one may ravish Gibson, fitting subjects fer 'is 'and, Yet they talk a lot of 'Ibsen, but wot do they understand?

Eye-glassed face and inky 'and, Law, wot don't they understand? Leave them drowning in their Browning. —let us seek some distant land! Not the road to old Back Bay, etc.

Ship me somewhere miles from Boston, where the best is like the worst, Where there ain't no talk of ethics, and a man can quench a thirst! For Noo York is callin', callin', —and my joy shall be complete Somewhere by the Lights of Broadway, miles and miles from Beacon Street!

On the road from old Back Bay, On the road and miles away! With our 'eads all full of culture — when we turned and ran away! On the road from old Back Bay, Where the hoss-cars stick all day, And the dust blows up like thunder outer Copley crost the way!

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

MONEY IN NEW YORK.

"This suite is \$46,000," said the hotel manager to the Wall Street magnate.

"For a year or a month?" asked the magnate carelessly, reaching for his check book.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

AN OMISSION.

BACON.—I see this paper says there is no kissing in Japan, except between husband and wife.

EGBERT.—But it doesn't say between whose husband and whose wife.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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EXERCISE.

"You say your husband goes to the ball game for exercise?"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "vocal exercise."—*Washington Star*.

WHEN the painter finds that he can not sell his pictures, he begins to do a lot of talking about his art's being only for art's sake.—*Somerville Journal*.

LOTS OF FUN

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DA COWARD DAGOMAN.

I nevva see Eetalian
Dat ees so scare', so coward man,
Like Malatesta, from Milan.
You bat my life, hees—w'at you call?—
Hees "cheecken-heart" eet ees so small
You no can find da theeng at all!
Eh? Don't you read een paper how
Som'budy stab heem een da row
Dat happen lasta Frida' night?
Eh? No, he ees alive all right;
But now w'en he ees gattin' wal,
An' all poleece ees ask heem tal
Who ees da man dat cut heem so,
He just say: "I don'ta know."
Now, w'at you theenk sooch coward man
Like Malatesta from Milan?
I tal you w'at, eet mak' me seeck—
Eh? Sure he know who do da treeck!
But he ees scare' for tal, my frand,
For dat he fear da Blacka Hand.
Eh? W'at? Of course ees true. I know,
Or else I would no tal you so.
Yes, I am sure! baycause I see
Dat bada man from Secily.
Dat leeve een jail mos' all hees life,
Giuseppe Galdi, pull hees knife
An' den, so lika cat, so queeck,
He mak' da jum a—So!—an' steeck
Poor Malatesta deesa way!
Den—presto! he ees gon' an'—eh?
Why I don't tal dem w'at I see?
Me tal poleece? Escusa me!
You see. I jus' was gona say
So queeck da bad man run away—
An', too, my eyes ees poor at night—
You see, ees mebbe so I might
Be wrong 'bout Galdi. Sooch meestak'
Ees posseeble, you know, to mak'.
Baysides, w'at for I care? You see,
Eet ees no beezaness for me.
Da man dat's cut he ees da best
To tal poleece for mak' arrest.
But Malatesta, from Milan,
He eesa coward Dagoman;
Hees cheecken-heart eet ees so small
You no can find da theeng at all!
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

LIKE-MINDED.

DOROTHY.—I call Charley Adams
awfully soft, don't you?

AGNES.—Yes, I call him down.—
Lippincott's Magazine.



The highest quality ever attained—the
standard by which all other cigarettes are
judged—

EGYPTIAN DEITIES CIGARETTES

represent "the standard of luxury" in smoking. In
substance and in form, in every quality that delights
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Egyptian Scenes—Colonnade, Temple of Isis, Philae.

PRAYER WOULDN'T HELP HIM.

CHURCH.—I see a bronze tablet
representing Washington on his knees
in prayer has just been placed on the
Sub-Treasury in Wall Street.

GOTHAM.—It may look all right in
bronze, but it wouldn't do the average
man any good who went into Wall
Street if he did get down on his knees
and pray!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PAINFUL.

The dentist had complained of the
phonographs next door as a nuisance.

"How do they annoy you?" asked
the magistrate.

"Why, I advertise 'painless den-
tistry,'" he replied, "and my patrons
claim that the phonographic racket
breaks the contract."—*Philadelphia
Ledger.*

LESS INTERESTING.

If all the people told the truth,
As through this world they walk,
We would be better, but, in sooth,
We'd miss some sprightly talk.

—*Washington Star.*

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful,
smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and
instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions.
It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.
Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel
easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous,
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all Druggists and Shoe Stores. By mail for 25c. in
stamps. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package
FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

PITTSBURG has discovered twenty-
eight honest men within her confines,
and until New York and Chicago can
equal that record they ought to keep
quiet.—*Washington Post.*

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NEATNESS, AND COMFORT
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SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
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ALWAYS EASY

CLERK.—Your bill isn't ready yet, sir.
SLOPEIGH.—Oh, I beg you won't
hurry on my account.—*Harvard Lam-
poon.*

A GIRL seldom falls in love with a
man unless there is some reason why
she shouldn't.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

DESIRABLE LOCATION.

THE HOUSE HUNTER.—I like this house well enough, but I don't like the
idea of its being right next door to a police station, with all those staring
policemen.

THE AGENT.—Ah, sir, but that is really a great advantage. Think how
easy it will be to keep a cook here.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

If a dog would only put the energy that he devotes to wagging his tail
into turning the ice-cream freezer, only think how useful he might be!—*Somer-
ville Journal.*



ILLUSTRATED TESTIMONIAL.

MRS. BEATRICE BULK, OF SOUTH BEND, IND., BEFORE AND AFTER
USING FATOFF.

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of
Abbott's Bitters before meals is a wonderful
appetizer.

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CAN you afford for the few cents you may save, to run the risk of some of the inferior Shaving Soaps, that dealers tell you, are "just as good as Williams'?"—when the soothing, creamy lather of Williams' Shaving Soap assures you comfort, safety and satisfaction?

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

Williams' Shaving Stick and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.) Address

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GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Dept. A.

Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. Williams' Talcum Powder and Toilet Waters.



IN FEAR OF HER SPIRIT.

GADDIE.—I should think, now that your wife's been dead over a year, you'd look around and get a good one this time.

HENPECK.—My! I'd like to, but I wouldn't dare.

GADDIE.—Why not?

HENPECK.—Because Maria told me if I did she'd come back and haunt me.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE KIND HE WANTED.

"You don't use plain English," said the editor, returning the manuscript.

"Thank you," said the contributor heartily; "perhaps you didn't know I was trying to get into the Henry James class."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CUSTOMER.—Why do you call that the Roosevelt punch?

BARTENDER.—Because it has such a big stick in it.—*Princeton Tiger.*

THE average man likes to have the reputation of being a good poker player, even though he never played the game ten times in his life.—*Somerville Journal.*

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TOUGH.

YEAST.—Our boarding-house lady has been taking cooking lessons, and she says next week she is going to try her hand in her own kitchen.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Is that a threat or a promise?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

JUST HIS LUCK.

"Hello!" said Borem, "I just thought to drop in on you to-day to—"

"I thought you would, too," interrupted the Merchant.

"You did? Now, that's strange, because—"

"Not at all; this is the busiest day I've had for weeks."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A CARNEGIE COURTSHIP.

"I can read your heart like a book," he cried.

"On a library of love can I count?"

"I will give my affections," the maid replied,

"If you'll raise an equal amount!"

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

HOPE FOR HIM.

"But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you beat your wife."

"Yes," replied the defendant, "but my wife's testimony will discount that. She'd never admit that she was beaten."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A SAN FRANCISCO physician has discovered that nervous depression and heart weakness is prevalent in that city. His attention was probably called to it by the fact that all the grafters are getting cold feet.—*Washington Post.*

Former U. S. Senator John F. Dryden has returned to Newark fully recovered from the illness, which prompted him to withdraw from the Senatorial contest and has actively resumed business relations. When asked to-day for an expression of opinion as to the effect of radical insurance legislation enacted by the different States during the past few months, Senator Dryden said:

"There has been much new legislation upon the subject of life insurance and many important measures have been passed, while many others are still pending. While it is too early to forecast the future effect of the new laws, The Prudential may be relied upon to meet the situation in a spirit of the utmost fairness. Not only has the Company always done what it was legally required to do, but it has gone far beyond the mere letter of the law and in the most liberal spirit has extended to the policyholders the privileges and advantages of one concession after another. In other words, the Company has always tried to do more than the law required and it may be relied upon to continue so to do. In its final analysis statute requirements at the best are a declaration of a broad and general principle of administration, and in the execution of details a successful company must necessarily be governed by a higher law than a statute—a moral obligation which calls for the most liberal treatment of the insured, compatible with safety.

"In pursuance of this policy it has been my pleasure to sign to-day an order in conformity with a resolution passed by the Board of Directors of The Prudential Insurance Company granting concessions this year to Industrial policyholders in The Prudential who have attained the age of 75 years which will result in relieving holders of a great many thousands of policies from the payment of any further premiums, costing the Company over \$750,000 and a continuance of this policy during the next ten years, it is estimated, over three and one-quarter millions of dollars. These concessions, I understand, will affect proportionately more policies than a similar change in any other Industrial insurance company. Other voluntary concessions in the form of increased benefits, cash and mortality dividends, more liberal paid-up policies, etc., not called for by law or contract, have been made, aggregating over eight million dollars, and this large amount will be necessarily greatly added to in the future."

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MARITAL RIGHTS.

"You have alienated my wife's affections," said the visitor, and there was a glint in his eye.

"And," said the man addressed, with a covert sneer, "you propose to seek financial salve?"

"Salve nothing," replied the visitor. "I came merely to offer sympathy, and to remark that if my home is broken up the bull pup is my personal property, and don't you forget it."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

THERE is a war on the bathing suit in New York state. Hope that won't cause it to shrink any further out of sight.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

By the way, how does a meat packer who persists in attempts to violate the law regulating his shipments differ from an "undesirable citizen?"—*Columbus Evening Dispatch*.

UNEASY.

"Will your books stand a heavenly audit?" asked the minister.

The magnate in the congregation squirmed uneasily.

He knew that an unbiased audit wholly earthly would jar him hard enough.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Is any one waiting on you?" asked the haughty saleslady, finally condescending to notice the shopping person.

"I'm afraid not," replied the latter. "My husband was—I left him outside—but I'm afraid he's become disgusted and gone home."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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EXTRA

Just send us your own and nearest shoe dealer's name and address on a postal card and we will give you a set of our new and wonderful

MAGIC POST CARDS FREE



A REAL WISE GUY.

PADDOCK.—Marks now has a system for playing the races.

PLAYER.—How does it work?

PADDOCK.—Perfectly. Any day before going to the track he knows to a cent the most he can possibly lose.

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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

LAWYER.—What would it lead you to think if a company were incorporated in the State of New Jersey?

WITNESS.—That its finances were in a h— of a state.—*Princeton Tiger*.

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OHIO seems to make a pretty good fence for Billy Taft and Joey Foraker to teeter over. By the way, how much more of the plank does Billy have to give Joey to make the thing balance?—*Binghamton Republican*.

Smart Hotel Men

anticipate the wants of their patrons and order now a supply of

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Any dealer. Anywhere.
BREWERY, HUDSON, N. Y.



CHANCELLOR BUELOW is not ready to secure war by preparing for peace.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

IS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT perfectly certain that the families which tend to die out are the ones that are the fittest to survive?—*Detroit News*.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

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IN a country where all the hotel clerks are "colonels" it is difficult to see why England should worry because four or five per cent. of the titles claimed in that country are illegal.—*Detroit News*.

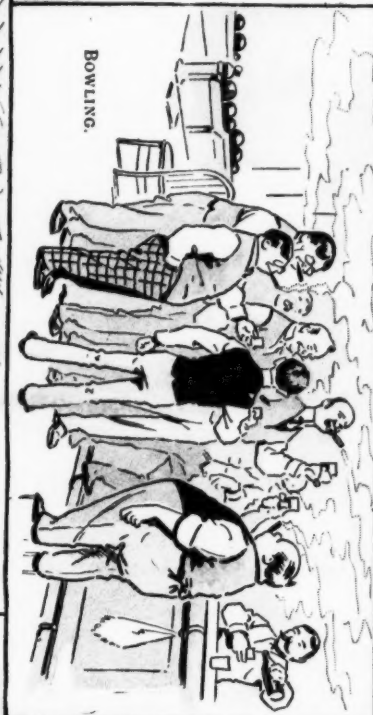
A WAGER.

A maiden fair and I once bet—
Though 'tis of sins the worst—
We bet each other which of us
Would be engaged the first.

But when I asked this maiden fair
If she would be my wife,
She said, "We'll call this bet a tie,"
And now we're tied for life.

—*Princeton Tiger*.

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